



ISSUE
No. 1

High Heels

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR

ADULTS ONLY



featuring:



"Pattern of Evil"

A **NEW** PUBLICATION FOR THE **CONNOISSEUR**





ISSUE
No. 1

high heels



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by Roy Kemp

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Carol Hilliard . . . Parisian showgirl who is on display nightly at Le Lido . . . France's top cabaret.



A collection of European beauties . . . which only goes to prove that beauty is wherever you can find it.

THE LURE OF THE HIGH HEEL

Every age in history has seen its own fads and fancies with regards to items of stimulation. Several decades ago, the woman who wore her hair in a boyish bob was fairly worshipped by dutiful admirers. Later, the Cupid's Bow lips were considered quite the current rage. Wasp-waists with an hour glass figure in which the body was squeezed and kneaded until it reached pencil thin proportions was likewise treated with the utmost devotion by men who marvelled at such magnificent figure training success.

More recently, an exaggerated bosom (no doubt a throwback to the infantile nursing instinct) provoked much stimulation among male admirers. Motion picture stars were assured increasing successes with the increasing proportions of their bosoms. Legs, too, have enjoyed their popularity. A neatly trimmed ankle, a pleasant calf muscle was an inspiration to a male to fight off competitors and vie for the privilege of drinking champagne out of the pretty girl's slipper. This brings us to the current national fad or craze or "crush"—namely that of the lure of the high heel. Where once a male was satisfied to gently remove a soft satin lined high heeled slipper from the foot of a pretty girl, and fill it with sparkling champagne and drink it in full view, this lure has now gone all the way. The high heeled shoe or slipper has more purpose than its use as a champagne drinking utensil. It has become an object of devotion that borders on passionate worship.

The man who loves the high heeled shoe is experiencing the same thrills as the man who screamed with joy when he caught the garter tossed into the audience by a shoe-eyed strip-teaser. It was a symbol of passionate emotion and the man forever would pay respectful homage to that symbol. Just as the bosom, the buttocks, the soft throat, back and just about every part of the female person has served a symbolic interpretation of love—so does the high heeled shoe become a symbol of affection.

How is it possible than an inanimate object can hold such fascination for a man? It was Freud who once explained that there are situations when a part of wearing apparel or anatomy frequently displaces the so-called normal parts of emotional interest, namely the bosom, legs, etc. The high heeled shoe is often of such electrifying excitement that without this fetish form of stimulation, the man is unable to properly function. Or, his lovemaking becomes inadequate and lacks deep fulfilment.

Shoe and foot devotion has often been considered an important official custom. For example, in Ethiopia, it is regarded mandatory for a lesser official to greet his superior by kneeling on all fours and gently kissing his shoes. It is a form of obsequious acknowledgment. During the recent uprising in Ethiopia, the world was pleasantly surprised to see photographs of high ranking officials down on all fours, kissing the shoes of returning Hailie Selassie. Newspapers explained



that foot kissing and shoe worship was an accepted part of protocol. It was a symbol by which one man humbles himself before his superior.

This same attitude is instilled in the present lure of the high heeled shoe or slipper. The male who becomes fascinated by the slender spiked heel, the floral-decorated vamp, the needle-toe pump with the needle thin high heel is actually humbling himself before the superior sex . . . that of women. Today, women have become so exalted, so powerful that they have been placed upon an ivory pedestal. They have become untouchables. And just like the conquering Hailie Selassie who demands that all those beneath him must kiss his shoes as a humbling measure, so do most females regard the males. They are untouchables and will graciously permit the male to kiss their shoes.

The passive male (often called masochistic) is the one who looks upon the shoe as a symbol of aggressive (or dominating) power. The passive male yearns to be dominated by a female, to be downtrodden, to acknowledge woman as his superior. This gives rise to exciting stimulations. The high heeled shoe becomes a symbol of aggression.



It signifies power. It indicates domination. And as said earlier, the high heel is a symbol of power which has an appeal for the passive male. Originally, Nature had decreed that the male is aggressive while the female remains passive. But this situation has been reversed in the past few decades, Feminine equalization, women in business, industry, military and government have all tended to upset this balance of Nature. There is a swerving of these two emotions. Masculinization of women in clothes and fashion have made them more aggressive. They have to be more masculine in order to compete with men in the world of business and politics. Therefore, since Nature also says that opposites attract one another, it is somewhat instinctive for males to become the opposite—namely, passive. This emotion requires that the male become dominated as a feeling of pleasurable stimulation. The high heeled shoe holds the power of domination.

Vogue Magazine once ran an article called Our Petticoat Government in which it explained how the exalted feminine position has made the male so passive. The illustration accompanying the article showed a humble, passive male kneeling before the woman who is standing on the chair, extending a slender high heeled foot. The man, obviously, is so attracted to the high heels, that his entire emotion is centered around paying devotion and loving care to the shoes.

Some time ago, Dr. Nettebaum reviewed a book by Gerhard Venzmer on New York in which he said, "Men can be seen in the United States



Jean Windsor displays her "show-off undies" and especially her patent-leather pumps with full 6-inch heels.



kneeling before women putting on their overshoes and that it is not unknown for a husband to have his ear boxed by his wife in a public place." Here we can see how the feminine aggressiveness has been made public. That is how widespread it has become.

High heels upon bedroom slippers are quite the current vogue. This indicates the attraction high heels have since bedroom slippers are worn under very suitable circumstances. A typical situation consists of the passive male who is humble, submissive, relegated to a position slightly (usually, a great deal) beneath that of the aggressive female. He regards her with such awe and reverence, that she becomes an untouchable creation. She is so exalted, that the passive male considers himself fortunate in being able to touch her foot. By caressing her high heeled bedroom slipper,

by kissing the soft construction, by snuggling against the fluffy pink and white satin pom pom decorating the blue vamp, he experiences an electrifying emotion. His aggressive female has granted him this coveted pleasure. It is thrilling to be given such a privilege! In extreme situations, the heightening emotion is of a parallel as though she had become *deshabille*. The passive male now fondles the high heeled slipper, he holds it above him which signifies that the slipper becomes a symbol of being trodden upon. The passive male, by his masochistic nature, finds pleasurable stimulation in being down trodden. It is a form of humiliation that becomes most satisfying. The shoe can accomplish this symbolic interpretation more than any other item—except perhaps the naked foot. That is why the high heeled shoe holds fascination... the stiletto

heel becomes a swift rapier, a dagger thrust at the vitals of the male, daring him to violate his status as that of passive malehood.

Why then, it is frequently asked, doesn't the male become equally aroused over a bare foot? Here an analogy must be drawn. The bare foot, just as the completely exposed body, holds no secrets! There is no excitement, no mystery. We all become eagerly thrilled by the forbidding, the mysterious, the covered! Who has not become sensuously aroused at the sight of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, their privates so delicately shielded by a fig leaf? Michaelangelo's ceiling painting of Adam, in the Vatican, however, has no fig leaf. For this reason, there is less fascination because there is nothing to hide!

Apply the same emotion to a foot. Clad in a high heeled slipper, the foot becomes a mysterious weapon which threatens the passive male; and he glories in being so conquered. The foot, being clad, is secondary to the shoe which covers it. The privates of a museum portrait, being covered by a fig leaf are secondary to the leaf which acts as a shield.

Leather boots and high heeled leather shoes have another attraction...its leather! This item of wearing apparel is like firm, hard skin! It is aggressive skin in that the passive male must bend to its will. The passive male who snuggles against the leather high heel may actually be in the same emotional status as the woman who thrills at the powerful muscles of her male beloved and enjoys rubbing against them.



He derives such excitement that he becomes a-tremble with pleasurable potent sensations. Compare the high-heeled admirer with the more popular admirer of feminine lingerie. This individual becomes excited at black lace lingerie, stage hose, black or pink mesh thigh length hosiery which are secured by glittering garter snaps. To touch the satin and lace construction of a soft brassiere becomes very exciting. In fact, if the feminine counterpart were to neglect wearing "teasing" negligees and nighties, not to mention saucy panties, there would be a lowering of male interest.

The same condition prevails in the man who loves high heeled shoes and slippers. He regards a period of foreplay with these shoes as being very necessary for stimulation and excitement. Those who make slurring remarks against such

an interest need to be reminded that what is appealing to one man is very *un*-appealing to another. Some men prefer blondes. Others remain staunch redhead fans. Still more refuse to be seen with any girls except brunettes. Each individual has his own preferences. Some reach a zenith of excitement at soft satin panties; others like sleek Parisian style hosiery—and there are just as many who enjoy high heeled shoes and boots.



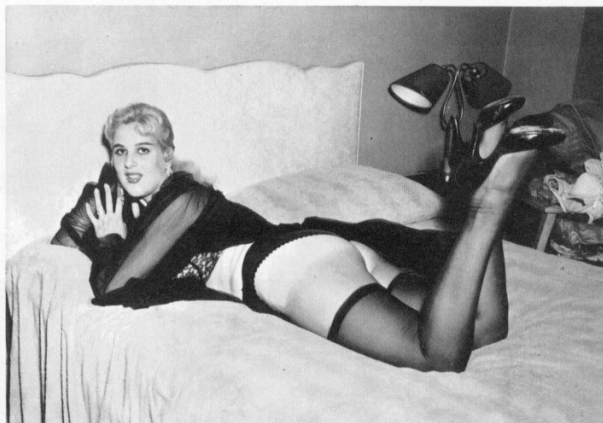
—THE END—



HIGH-HEELS ON PARADE . . .



At home . . . at work . . . and at play, these lovelies all know that nothing beats ultra high-heels to catch the unsuspecting male.



Black lace lingerie, sheer black stockings and high-spike-heels . . . an unbeatable combination.



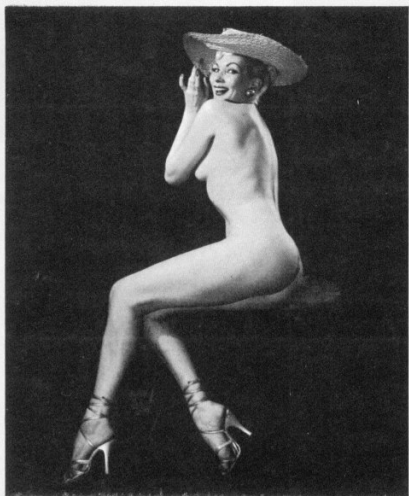
These shoes may not be the most comfortable to walk in, but the effect they have on all who behold them, more than makes up for the discomfort.



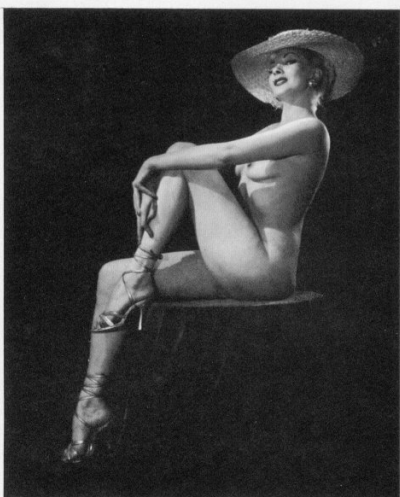
LIBBY JONES

• • • •
"The Park Avenue Playgirl"





Libby's sex-sational 36-24-36 figure has had males from coast-to-coast paying homage to her beauty.



Libby is not only a super-special glamour girl, but a college-educated psychology lecturer as well.





DIARY OF A HIGH HEEL MODEL

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

DEAR DIARY:

After so many months of job hunting, imagine my delight when a photographer called and said he wanted me to do a series of special shots. I had no idea what was in store for me until I entered his photo studio and saw how he had set up special props.

"This may startle you, at first," explained the photographer. "My client wants to issue a special catalog of Fall clothes—namely wasp waist gowns, skin tight negligee, leather brassieres—you know, leather is the current rage and designers are out-doing themselves for ideas in new leather garments. Not only will you be modelling leather brassieres and panties with leather laces at the small of your back, but we have a special pair of leather hip boots for you to put on." He held out a small triton—a three pronged spear used in the days of the magnificent Amazons—those huge women who refused to be ruled by men.

The photographer then told me that I was to dress as Diana, Queen of the Hunt, according to ancient Greek mythology. It was so frightening, really it was. After all, my figure is neat and trim and I never even felt the confines of a bone-ribbed leather corset—it had chain tight leather laces that squeezed my shoulder blades together so that I could hardly move my arms before me. "It's going to be a real good pic," predicted the photographer.

With the aid of the wardrobe mistress, they prepared me for this unusual display of photos. First, the garish makeup had to be applied. This consisted of blood red paint upon my lips to give a vivid lipstick color. The effect was so realistic that my lips looked like raw and bruised tomatoes, just dripping with red coloring down my chin. Then my eyebrows had to be speedily narrowed. With the use of tweezers, the hairs were plucked out. It sure did sting and I flinched time and again as the tweezers went to work gripping a hair, yanking it out. I felt as though bunches of needles were stuck into my forehead. Thank goodness it was soon over with. Then, a thin black line, more like a brand upon flesh, was applied over my eyes. It gave my face a surprised look. Vivid deep purplish hues were painted over the hollows of my cheeks to raise the cheekbones. The rest of my face and throat was covered with a shockingly white powder. When I examined myself in the mirror, I admit they did a good job on me.

Oh, dearest diary, you must know how they did up my hair. They said that Diana always wore hers in a single braid effect. Did you ever hear of anything so unusual? Well, they yanked my hair until it was like a pony tail and then they did this single tail up in a braid. So that the braid would not come loose and spoil an expensive photo, they took a round metal disk, with a hole in the center, and stuck my braid through the

hole. The disk was flat against the crown of my head. It sure hurt me when they pulled my braid so hard that tears came to my eyes. But I dared not say anything for fear of losing this treasured assignment. You alone know, dear diary, how I had to pound the pavements for weeks and weeks before I got this big break. And I'm not going to muffle it now.

Well, then they told me to wear the leather corset. As I said before, my figure is not accustomed to a trainer but I would not admit this because it could cost me the job. Both the wardrobe mistress and photographer had to encase me in the leather corset. Oooh, it was the most unusual garment I'd ever seen. Imagine, dear diary, a leather corset constructed entirely of black kid leather! The ribs were made of very thick and not-too-flexible bone ribs that felt like chain links as the corset was tightened around my flesh. My own ribs felt crushed as they were forced to give way to the powerful dynamic bone ribs sealed into the leather corset. Believe me, I felt sealed into a dungeon or tomb of the ancient Egyptians from which there was no escape.

My heart was pounding furiously. When they started lacing me up, the air was squeezed out of my body so that I almost turned blue. When they started tightening the laces around the small of my back, my hips suddenly flared out as my waist was simultaneously squeezed in!

"A perfect hour-glass figure—one that Diana would have loved to achieve!" cried the delighted wardrobe mistress. "Take a deep breath."

Was this a joke? I could scarcely breathe as it was; everything turned hazy and for a while I fought against swooning. Dear diary, do you think I'm courageous for struggling to remain on my feet? Maybe I am. Because no sooner had they sealed me into that very tight corset, they brought out the leather panties they had talked about. These were so skin tight, they fitted me

like a second skin. Dyed apple red, the panties were made of a soft calfskin leather, with tiny leather ribbons and bows decorating the crotch and sides. There were several tiny slits just below the midsection. When the panties were firm and secure around my hips, my flesh just fairly spilled through these tiny slits... that's how *tight* the panties fitted me! I dared not ask for permission to sit down. In fact, I wondered if I could bend at the hips because the perfect leather construction of the panties allowed no wrinkles, folds or sliding. Neither did they allow bending and that ruled out sitting.

Let me tell you about my leather jerkin, similar to those worn by huntresses of ancient and even medieval times. Made of patent leather, it was so flexible to touch that it would not easily crack. The color? A strange mixture of midnight blue velvet. It glowed mysteriously. It was strangely embroidered with wild savage animals, with a deep pit in the center, like the old style animal traps of the woods or jungles. But instead of an animal trapped within the deep pit, there was a helpless man. Obviously, a hunter, his clothes were in shreds because of the fall, and he was much the worse for wear. And who was surrounding the pit, their spears poised for action? You guessed it—an army of Amazon warriors! Diary, if you could only have seen the exquisite embroidery. The faces of those magnificent women, their bodies as sleek and powerful as wild stallions, their strength was so terrifying that it is small wonder they could never be conquered by any mere males.

You can imagine, dear diary, my pleasure at wearing just a leather jerkin. The leg o' mutton sleeves were slashed to permit leather laces to tighten them around the armpits. (Quite a tight fit, almost slicing through the arm pits but I just would grin and bear it!) There was little room for the bosom. Laces also secured the jerkin just

beneath the breastbone and around the waist line. When I was firmly sealed into the jerkin, I was so astonished at my appearance that for a moment I could imagine myself as Queen of The Hunt.

Next came the magnificent leather hip boots. My foot squeezed into the unbelievably tiny space allotted for that part of my body. My toes were fairly crushed within the narrow confines of the interior of the boot. As I started walking around I suddenly tilted forward. Fortunately, the photographer and wardrobe mistress caught me. "Wow!" I gasped. It was difficult to breathe because of the tight leather corset. "I guess I have to take it easy."

The wardrobe mistress explained, "The leather boots have matchstick heels . . . but they're strong. They won't break. Other things will, but never those heels! And do you know the size of those heels? Exactly 14 inches! Yes, by wearing such high heeled leather boots, I'm compelled to walk with a slightly sloping position. This gives me an aggressive gait which photographs very well. The matchstick heels are so thin that I fairly feel like tottering as I walk around. It took me quite a while to get used to them but I'm proud of that accomplishment.

Now, dear diary, let me tell you about these various photos taken. The first had me in quite a dynamic pose—I was standing on a rock, over-looking a ledge. My hunting spear was aimed at —of all things—a man who had accidentally become caught in a bear trap. And how he did struggle and struggle to get free while I took careful aim.

When the picture was taken, the photographer said, "This is going to make you into an over-night sensation!"

The next picture showed me with an enormous fish net; actually, the net was woven of soft rayon in the form of chain links and it really did look

realistic. And the picture shows the way I toss the chain net over a group of helpless invaders who came upon my island. My boots are dug deep into the soft shore of a foam-flecked beach with the lapping waves just a few inches away.

Another photo was taken in which I was involved in quite a battle with both other Amazons as well as some men in Grecian garb. My triton is very active as I stab and pin some of the fallen victims to the ground.

Each photo emphasizes my leather outfit; with proper lighting, the leather is as sleek as lubricated oilskin, glowing with my every movement. In some scenes, it's as though I were completely afire. But this is just a trick with red floodlights. But this assignment paid off, dear diary. No sooner were the prints made up and shown to the clothing manufacturer, than he started calling up friends of his to tell them of the superb new model he was using. Little did I know how this first assignment was going to be the biggest of my life.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29

DEAR DIARY:

This early afternoon, a female designer called me. She wanted to design some new bathing suits. She said that I could stay over for dinner because this assignment would take many, many hours of this Saturday. Dear diary, I'm going to let you in on a secret that I wouldn't tell to my best friend. The designer had me put on loose fitting satins and silks that were shaped in the form of bathing suits. And how did she get them skin-tight upon my body? Here's the secret—she took a small water hose and asked me to stand in the bathtub, wearing the loose clothing—and then she turned the hose right on myself! She drenched me, soaking me to the skin, wetting my hair until my beautiful golden locks were like shrivelled up coil springs. She splashes the water (fortunately it is lukewarm) right onto my face, soak-

ing me from head to toe.

As for my clothes, they hang on me like wrinkled rags—drenched, oozing with this foamy water, invading every curve of my body. But this is just the effect that the designer wants to achieve. Because she now pulls the wet clothes until they are tight and smooth. But it sure is a peculiar feeling to be so soaked to the skin. The designer laughed while she aimed the hose at me, saying, “It’s uncomfortable, I know. But once you get used to it, you’re going to love it. In fact, you’ll *really* like it.”

P.S.: There are times when I feel like getting drenched...but whos going to do it to me?

TUESDAY, MAY 2

DEAR DIARY:

Here I am, in my bed, snug between my satin and silken sheets. Before I go to sleep, I just must tell you of one unusual experience. A photographer said he wanted to exhibit a zany type of photograph for a contest. The pic that was the most unusual would win the contest and it meant more than money for him. The prestige was essential, he said. And you know how I posed for him?

I crouched down on my hands and knees. He then ripped my silken sheath gown down the back, to my waist and parted the flaps. And all he did was draw long horizontal lines across my flesh, using special paint for the job. That’s all! This peculiar makeup on my back. I just don’t understand it. But I was to remain in this crouched position until he took the photo and it made me feel frightened. I was glad to leave. In fact, I was in such a hurry that I didn’t even stop to remove this theatrical paint. When I came home for a bath, was I surprised! The paint had become dampened and was running. Yee gosh! In the mirror, it looked like a series of welts...running from my shoulders all the way down. I could hardly wait to rub off such a grisly sight. Did the photographer win? I suppose so. But I wonder where he ever thought up such a peculiar stunt? Oh well, I’m sleepy now. This corset is getting so comfy that I never take it off, not even for sleeping. Oh, didn’t you know, diary? I fell in love with that leather corset and begged the photographer to let me keep it. It’s smotheringly wonderful! Night!

—THE END—



Patricia Darling . . . shows off her exciting legs draped in sheer nylon and skyscraper heels.



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Jenifer Jordan—redheaded and lovely. For more of Jen, see pages 24 thru 27.





JENIFER JORDAN

• • • •





Jenifer is a private secretary in Manhattan when she's not posing in front of the cameras. Her well-stacked 39-24-37 figure must be quite a distraction to her fellow workers, however.











JENNIE LEE

• • • •
"The Bazoom Girl"



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TITEL BOUT

FIGHT
LIGBT
CHAMPS
OF
CUBAN
TITLED
CHAMP



ROUND 2 HITS

CHAMP

PRO-TESTAMENT
RUBIN LANGE BROS



TORRID TORSO

by Eddie Van Norton

I NEVER reckoned much to my job as a sports reporter on the "Louistown Star" until I made contact with luscious Carolyn Marlyne, a blonde of atomic proportions, hotter than a firecracker and ten times more explosive. Yes, I reckon *contact* is the right word for our acquaintance, seeing as how I managed to have plenty fun with that most gorgeous torso.

Let's take it from the beginning, from that evening in the Sports Room. It is a helluva hot day in July and believe me brother, when it gets warm in our part of the States, it really frizzles you up. Anyway, the night staff have booked on the paper, and I'm earning my dough by sitting with my legs on my desk, drinking a bottle of coke. Pretty soon I'll get an assignment of some kind, but I couldn't care less; it's too hot to worry and I'm thinking just how pleasant it would be to take a nice trip out to the country with my latest conquest, Bunny Barton. Bunny designs swimming suits; she also fills them to perfection and on an evening like this we could have plenty fun out at Pontop Lake. She tells me that she's just designed a Bikini which rates as the smallest thing in the world, and she's keen to display it for my benefit. That sounds kinda cute to me. I recall that Pontop Lake is a mighty large expanse of water and it isn't difficult to be on your own. Yes, sir, the possibilities for an entertaining evening out at Pontop Lake are mighty fine. I . . .

Ross, the Sports Editor, breaks my chain of thought, the dirty dog. "Wake up, Mac," he

says, "and if I'm not worrying you too much maybe you would consent to get your big carcase off that chair and come here *pronto*."

"You wantin' me?" I says. Mighty quick on the uptake, that's me. I shift my bottle of coke from my left paw to my right, and I extract a smoke from a pack in my left trousers pocket.

"For Jeepers sake," snorts Ross. "Look, you son of a —, get your bum off that chair and propel yourself over here tout suite, which is French for bloody fast. Get me?"

I uncoil my dogs and go through the complicated manoeuvres of standing up. I stroll across to Ross's desk and lean over him. "So you've been to Paris, France, bud," I say. "Now that's mighty interesting. Tell me, did you ever go to any of those cabaret floor-shows? Is it true that the dames prance about in the . . ."

"Never mind the dames," snaps this super-efficient collector-of sports news. "We've got more important things in hand."

"There ain't a more important thing to have your hands around than a shemale," I crack. "You must be getting old, boss. Maybe you want some of this glandular treatment. Put some pep into you."

That got a snigger from the other guys in the room. But Ross isn't amused, in fact there seems a strong chance that he will have a fit. "Any more old buck from you, Mac, and I'll throw you outta the joint with my own hands. I've just about had a bellyful of your wisecracks. The paper could get along fine without you."

I realise that I've gone a bit too far, so I try a little soft soap. "Sorry, boss, I was only kiddin'." My sense of humour sometimes gets kinda out of hand. What's the assignment you got for me?"

He looks a little less like a guy who would like to slit my throat. "Okay, well just watch your step. Sports reporters are a dime a dozen." He looks down at a sheet which showed the various assignments for the evening, and gives a little groan. "It's a punk evening for sport. Kinda got to the dead season. And I want something which will really appeal to our readers, especially the males. Know anything about this female wrestling racket?"

"I've heard about it. Never been to one."

"Well your education is going to be improved to-night. Mulheimer, the guy who runs the Clarendon Hall, is staging a get together of these shemales. It's all a stunt, of course, but he reckons to draw plenty males along to get an eyeful. Take a camera with you and bring us back some good pictures with your story. You know the kind of pics we want, plenty gal on display."

"I get it." I grin. "This kinda interests me. Female fighters. Focus on torso, only moreso."

"Okay, you one-track-minded galoot. Now, get cracking."

I get cracking. In something under fifteen minutes, I grind my auto to a halt outside the Clarendon Hall. There's quite a mob of guys storming the entrance and it looks as if Mulheimer is on to a good thing. Big posters outside the hall dramatically display a picture of two well-packed dames getting to grips with one another.

My Press ticket gets me a swell seat next to the ring. I make myself comfortable and then look around. The hall is packed. The small fat guy next to me is equipped with a pair of binoculars. Seems he likes to see a lot for his dough.

A guy in evening dress climbs into the ring and raises his hands for silence. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have here to-night unique entertainment. Twelve of the most skilled female wrestlers in

the States will battle it out. The winner of the final will get five hundred dollars and a handsome gold cup. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. The first bout will start in a couple of minutes."

There is an excited buzz of conversation as he steps out of the ring. I look at my programme. Bout No. 1 is between Junior Jackson of Kansas, and Bonnie Simpson of Chicago. Each bout would consist of three rounds lasting three minutes, and I am more than somewhat interested to note that it is "all-in fighting," with no holds barred.

The little guy beside me gives me a grin. "They say these dames are real cuties and then some," he whispers. "My wife thinks I'm working overtime at the office." His grin changes to a leer. "A guy's gotta have his fun, hasn't he. The seat cost me thirty bucks, but I reckon I'm in a swell position to see the fireworks."

I nod amiably. Then I switch my glance to the entrance from the dressing rooms. A red-headed babe is making her entrance. She's kinda tall and she's got shapely limbs which I and the rest of the boys can see plenty well, for she's wearing a snappy pair of white silk shorts of the clinging variety—and they are short, brother. Her upper torso is pretty cute, likewise, and the white knitted shirt displays well-packed curves.

"Hi ya, Junior!" yells a guy in the crowd. This is Junior Jackson and she's okay by me and the rest of the guys, who come through with plenty applause.

She is soon followed by Bonnie Simpson. Bonnie's a bubbling brunette, as curvy as a coke bottle. I think this is a plenty fine sport and I'm wondering why I haven't got wise to it before.

Pretty soon the babes are mixing it up in no uncertain fashion and I get so excited that I forget to take any notes. Finally, Junior is declared the winner and that's okay by me.

The next two bouts are real thrill packed and I manage to get some plenty good action pictures. These will look good on the sports pages tomorrow I reckon, and could be our circulation will rise in dramatic fashion.

I look again at my programme and see that

Bout No. 4 is between Carolyn Marlyne from Los Angeles, and Elaine Rydell of New York.

"Wow, just look at that dame!" demands the little guy sitting next to me. I look and give with a gasp that says plenty for her charms. During the evening, I've got kinda used to curvy shemales, but this babe now swaying towards the ring is a lulu and then some. This Carolyn Marlyne is the peach de-luxe among peaches. She is blessed with a torso that curves and bulges in all the places where curves and bulges should be.

I like curvy blondes, there's something about them that gets me. And this curviest of babes is really exciting. She's wearing a sleek, tight-fitting black one-piece swim suit that leaves little to the imagination. Sheer black nylon stockings rise high above her knees, and the high spike-heeled shoes made her look even taller. Every movement she makes is a symmetrical symphony. Her sleek hips undulated teasingly; her delightfully tapering legs twinkle excitingly; the swim suit dips daringly between two magnificent mounds.

Okay, so she's a super-duper shemale and then some. My lamps follow her every movement as she sways towards the ring. I am hypnotised, curve drunk, this babe has knocked me out. I am sort of dimly aware that Carolyn has been joined by another dame, none other than Elaine Rydell. Elaine is quite a looker, but she seems kinda dowdy compared with the torrid torso of Carolyn.

The two babes get to grips. Elaine butts Carolyn in the tummy and that seems to me to be a wicked way of treating such a perfect anatomy.

"Tear her in pieces, Carolyn," I shout. "Give the babe hell."

Carolyn smiles and gracefully kicks Elaine in the rear. It's a perfect piece of footmanship and Elaine sprawls on her face. Carolyn jumps on top of her and grips her firmly round the waist with her magnificently-proportioned thighs.

"Atta girl, Carolyn," I applaud. "You're doing fine."

A second later, the subject of my admiration

grabs Elaine's head and proceeds to bang it energetically on the floor. I am plenty glad that I am not Elaine.

Amidst terrific applause, Carolyn is declared the winner.

She is certainly a goer at this game and she proceeds with effortless ease to reach the final, eliminating her other opponents with grace and distinction.

I am now hoarse with all my vocal efforts, but I manage to give the babe plenty of encouragement. Not that she seems to need it, for she quickly disposes of Junior Jackson. Pandemonium reigns in the hall as the blonde bombshell receives the gold cups and the cheque for five hundred bucks. I take plenty pictures, despite the fact that I am nearly squeezed to death by the mob.

Okay, so I have my pics. Still, I have a yen to make closer contact with the curvaceous Marilyn. What about some pics of the wonder girl in her dressing room? Sound idea. Could be she'll come through with a good personal story as well.

I grab my camera and fight my way after the retreating Carolyn. She sways down a corridor and disappears inside a room. I am about to tap on the door and enter when my arm is grabbed by a tough-looking gink.

"No go, pal," he says. "My instructions is that no guys are to enter the babe's dressing room. Get going."

I feel like punching his face in. I feel like it, but I don't take action, for I want to live plenty longer. This is a situation which requires plenty tact. "Sure, sure," I say, "but this is kinda special. My paper wants to make a special feature of this Carolyn Marlyne dame. She's terrific."

"No go, bud. Be on your way."

This guy has a one-track mind. I drag out my wallet and extract ten bucks. I look at the gink meaningly. His close-set lamps glint avariciously.

"Could be you might disappear for a few seconds. Then you wouldn't notice that I entered the room."

"Could be," says the yahoo with a smile. He grabs the dough and turns his back.

I'm inside the babe's dressing room. In the excitement of the moment, I've forgotten to knock. That has introduced a kinda interesting situation, for Carolyn is standing in front of a mirror. What's interesting about that, you ask? Well, brother, she is taking off the clinging black swimsuit which now has reached the stage of covering up as far as her midriff.

I gasp.

Carolyn gives a little cry of dismay and the swimsuit hastily shoots up.

She turns on me furiously. "What's the idea bustin' in on a lady when she's undressin'?"

"I'm mighty sorry, sister. I quite forgot to knock. Say, I'm from the "Louistown Star" and I want to give you plenty publicity. I've been watching you to-night and I think you're terrific. You sure can fight and you're the most attractive dame that has ever hit this town."

Carolyn gives a little wriggle and the swim suit slides over the thrusting mounds. Now she's smiling and I can see that my admiration by no means displeases her. Could be she also fancies some free publicity.

"Okay, but you appreciate that I've got to watch out. Guys are always trying to invade my dressing room and, believe me, their intentions aren't always honourable."

"I can appreciate that. No dame has a right to be so well packed."

Carolyn shrugs her shoulders and gives me an arch look. "Can I help it if nature has equipped me with certain—er—charms?"

At close quarters this babe is calculated to raise the blood pressure to a dangerous state. "Well, Miss Marlyne, can you give me some dope for a story for the paper?"

She tells me that she is twenty-two years old and that she tapes a whistling 38-23-36, which are plenty swell proportions, and I mean *swell*. For three years now she has been in this wrestling racket and she is getting kinda cheesed with it. She would like to get into show business and the big dough.

"You couldn't go wrong on the stage, or in

movies," I drool. "With a figure like yours, I reckon the movie boys would snap you up."

"Do you really think so?" she says. "Brother, I'd do anything to get in movies. I did spend some weeks in Hollywood last year, trying to break into movies, but it was at a bad time. The movie moguls were economising at the time and I had no breaks."

"Too bad. Maybe I can help you. I've got contacts." It's a damned lie. I don't know a soul in the movie game, but I am out to impress this bundle of charms.

"You really can help me? You wonderful man."

To my delight and amazement, I find two soft arms around my neck. Carolyn has fused herself against me and that gives me no grief. My arms slip round her waist.

"Sure, you just leave it to me."

Jeepers, her mouth is sinking into mine. We kiss and it's the sort that grows in intensity the further it is prolonged. Seconds pass ecstatically. My hand sets out on a voyage of thrilling exploration above the trim waistline.

And then, just as everything seems to be going fine and dandy, something like the kick of a mule hits me in the face. The adorable Carolyn has literally slapped me down.

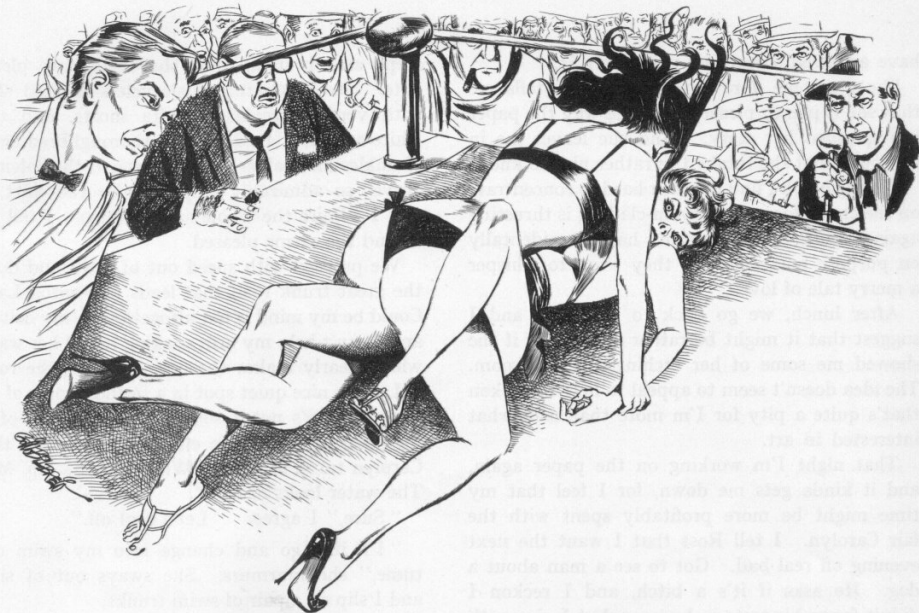
She slips out of my arms and gives me a wary look. "Take it easy, brother. Just because I'm nice to you doesn't say that you can take liberties with me. Those hands of yours will get you into trouble."

I sigh regretfully. "Nice trouble. Okay, I'm sorry."

"Apologies accepted. Don't get the idea that I'm cheap. I like a good time but I don't go around sleeping with every guy who takes a liking to me, even if he can get me into movies. Tell me more about these contacts of yours."

I spin her a fine yarn about a mythical brother of mine who is a talent scout for the movies. I say that he is coming to Louistown in a few days time and I shall break his neck if he doesn't do his damndest to get her a contract.

She is plenty pleased; she is overjoyed; she



says that she will stay in town until I produce the body of this said brother.

I am thinking that she will have to stay around for a helluva long time, but I ain't grumbling over that.

We get down to taking some photos for the rag and I kinda find that fun, too. It means that I have to manoeuvre the babe into glamorous poses. Every time I touch the torso I get a super thrill, and somehow this posing business takes a heck of a long time.

It's way near midnight before I get away from that dressing room. I've arranged to have lunch with Carolyn the next day and I feel that she's more than somewhat keen on me. Before I leave, she gives me a sizzling kiss that sends me staggering out into the street.

The Sports Editor gives me a sour look when I breeze back into the office. "Been a helluva time. What you got?"

I stick out my chest and beam. "A swell story and some pics that will make your peepers stand out. This dames all-in wrestling racket sure has its good points."

Ross looks at the pics I spread on the table. He actually grins, so making history. "See what you mean!" He points at Carolyn.

"Who is this babe? She's got what it takes."

"That's Carolyn Marlyne and she won the contest. She's got everything and it's all in the right places. I got a special interview with her."

"Nice lipstick you're using these days," smirks Ross. "You sure get to grips with your job. Okay, we'll run this dame big. Write up your story and let's have it as soon as possible."

I'm reading the story in the Scala Restaurant at lunchtime next day when Carolyn sways up to me. She looks good enough to eat, in a figure revealing cocktail dress. Male heads swing towards us and I feel kinda proud. Yes, sir, I

have acquired something really terrific.

She gives me a ravishing smile and tells me that she is plenty pleased with the way the paper has splashed her story. And she leaves me in no doubt that she thinks I'm rather nice to know.

During lunch I find it rather hard to concentrate on the chow, for a sleek nylon-clad leg is thrusting against mine. And when our hands accidentally on purpose make contact they seem to whisper a merry tale of love.

After lunch, we go back to her hotel and I suggest that it might be rather interesting if she showed me some of her etchings, in her room. The idea doesn't seem to appeal to her. I reckon that's quite a pity for I'm more than somewhat interested in art.

That night I'm working on the paper again, and it kinda gets me down, for I feel that my time might be more profitably spent with the fair Carolyn. I tell Ross that I want the next evening off real bad. Got to see a man about a dog. He asks if it's a bitch, and I reckon I didn't fancy his taste in humour, but I give with a laugh and I get the time off.

I grab the 'phone and ring up Carolyn. "Hi ya, honey, this is Mac speaking. Remember me?"

A giggle reaches me over the wire. "Sure, the guy with more feelers than an octopus. What's on your mind, brother?"

"You, baby. I reckon you've sorta got inside me. I'm crazy about you. What you doin' right now?"

"I'm in bed, just about to get some shuteye."

"I envy those sheets. Look what about you and me going for a picnic to-morrow. I've got the day off specially and we can go out to Pontop Lake and cool off. How's that?"

"Well, I don't really know," she says. "I've got one or two things to..."

"Listen sister, you reckon you want to get into movies. You be nice to me and I can be plenty useful to you."

"Okay, Mac, I'll expect you in the morning. Goodnight honey—darling."

It's approaching noon when I bring my crate to a halt outside her hotel. She runs down the

steps and I think that she is looking plenty cute. She is wearing a sleeveless knitted shirt with very abbreviated white shorts, and tiny white anklets. I admire the thoroughbred curve of ankles and calves, the trim waist, the splendid curves so admirably displayed by the shirt, in fact I admire the whole superb torso. I tell her so and she seems pleased.

We proceed with speed out of town and down the great trunk road that leads to Pontop Lake. Could be my mind is not altogether on my driving and I can't help my arm snaking round her waist, which nearly makes the crate spin off the road.

I find a nice quiet spot in a secluded part of the lake. There's not a soul barring the two of us for miles around. We enjoy a smoke and then Carolyn turns to me. "What about a dip, Mac. The water looks divine."

"Sure," I agree. "Let's cool off."

"I'll just go and change into my swim costume," she murmurs. She sways out of sight and I slip on a pair of swim trunks.

I'm looking at the wonderful scenery and thinking that life is just swell. It seems a darned sight better a minute later when Carolyn again hoves into sight. She has changed into a Bikini

**I WENT
TO SEE
MY PSY-
CHIA-
TRIST—
HE HAD
TO LAY
DOWN
ON THE
COUCH
TO
RELAX.**



which looks about the world's scantiest swimsuit.

I give with a wolf whistle. "You sure shape up well. It's a good thing you don't wear that outfit in the wrestling ring. It mightn't last the strain for long."

Carolyn laughs. "There's no woman or man who can get the best of me at wrestling."

"No? Well maybe this guy might teach you a thing or two."

She laughs. "Is that a challenge?"

"Sure, what about it?"

"Okay, you've asked for it," she drawls, "but don't squeal if you get hurt."

She leaps at me and catches me off balance. I go down and she is all over me, pressing hard against me. She is a fighting wildcat and I can

see that if I don't take quick action I shall get the worst of this contest. Quickly, I flip her over on her back and now I am on top. I capture her mouth in a furious clinging kiss that terminates in an ecstatic embrace. For a few seconds she struggles and then she is covering my face with the most ardent and passionate kisses.

It is two weeks later. I have married Carolyn this very day and now we are in our bridal suite. She has given up her idea of going into movies, and wrestling is a thing of the past. Well, wrestling with other females, that is, for we are just engaging in a rather interesting bout. There'll be no pics taken of this action, however, for this sports reporter is very much off duty.







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LEA**

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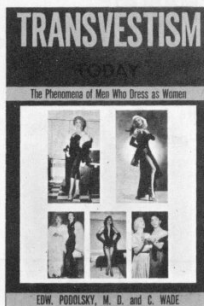
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